

JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY IN 5 ACTS,

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

AS PRODUCED AT BOOTH'S THEATRE, N. Y., UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF JARRETT & PALMER.

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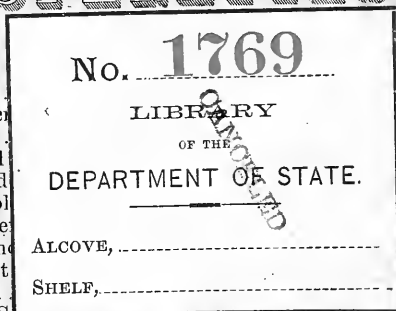
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JULIUS CÆSAR.

A Tragedy

IN FIVE ACTS

BY WM. SHAKESPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CAST OF CHARACTERS
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Theatre Royal, 1824</i>	<i>Astor Place, 1849.</i>
<i>Marc Antony</i>	Mr. C. Kemble.	Mr. G. Vandenhoff.
<i>Julius Caesar</i>	" Egerton.	" C. W. Clarke.
<i>Brutus</i>	" Young.	" Macready.
<i>Cassius</i>	" Cooper.	" Ryder.
<i>Decius</i>	" Abbot.	" Macdonald.
<i>Soothsayer</i>	" Chapman.	" Marshall.
<i>Octavius Caesar</i>	" Conner.	" Charles.
<i>Casca</i>	" Fawcett.	" W. H. Chippendale.
<i>Metellus</i>	" Comer.	
<i>Popilius</i>	" Norris.	
<i>Titinius</i>	" Claremont.	
<i>Trebonius</i>	" T. P. Cooke.	" H. B. Phillips.
<i>Cinna</i>	" Austin.	
<i>Lucius</i>	" Parsloe.	Miss Carpenter.
<i>Kindarus</i>	" Horrebrow.	
<i>Servius</i>		Mr. Percy.
<i>Calphurnia</i>	Mrs. Vining.	Mrs. G. Jones.
<i>Porcia</i>	" Faucit.	Miss C. Wemyss.

COSTUMES.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—Scarlet toga, buff hose, scarlet sandals.
MARK ANTONY.—White toga, buff hose, and black sandals. *Second Dress*—Scarlet and gold Roman uniform.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR.—Scarlet toga, scarlet sandals.
BRUTUS, and all the Conspirators.—White toga, buff hose, and black sandals.
Second Dress—Scarlet and gold Roman uniforms.
LICTORS.—Scarlet Roman costume, trimmed with orange
PLEBEIANS.—Drab and brown common dresses.
CALPHURNIA.—White and silver.
PORCIA.—White and gold, with a scarlet robe.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*;
E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*.

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R. C. *Right of Centre*;
L. C. *Left of Centre*.

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EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION

Of all English, we may say of all modern writers, Shakespeare has succeeded in reproducing the spirit and characters of antiquity—as the general sense of mankind believes them to have existed—in the most life-like forms. Learning has been by him reduced to the condition of a useful household servant, to perform familiar duties cheerfully, from the constrained assumption of a pedagogue and tyrant in an embroidered coat with an exceedingly stiff collar. Julius Cæsar is a living panorama of the times of the great Roman, unrolled before us, with the groups, pageants, assemblies and councils of that empire city of antiquity. Extending over a wide ground, and dealing with scattered interests and multitudes of people, it cannot claim the unity and concentration of the plays of invention, like *Othello* and *Macbeth*, where the material is subordinated to the author's treatment. Here, history leads the way and the author follows, pen in hand; but with what spirit, grace, dignity of expression and intimacy of feeling, every page is a living proof. The Shakespearian genius is no where more clearly shown than in the very opening scene, where the dialogue rises, out of a simple street conversation of workmen, with easy majesty, into the manly and poetic appeal of *Casca*—all in the compass of two pages, without the slightest jar, or consciousness of a change of tone in the language of the scene. The modern writer who seems most nearly to have “caught the trick,” is Sir Walter Scott, whose success as an historical novelist was unquestionably prompted by Shakespeare's Roman and English plays. In *Julius Cæsar*, as in the other dramas of that kind, our idea of human, natural, and actual history are happily and completely reconciled: as if the marble remains of *Brutus*, *Antony*, *Casca*.

Portia, and their companions, were suddenly kindled into life and seen walking among us, with the eyes and motions of fellow-citizens, still with the hue and features of men of the olden time. Unless an actor has something of the Shakesperian power of casting himself back into antiquity, this drama in actual representation, falls to the ground, and becomes a dry chronicle with less vitality and influence upon the feelings than a fantoccin exhibition at the corner.

Among the few actors who have grasped and reproduced the noble Romans of Skakespeare, with living power, Mr. Macready—among whose personations in this country, *Brutus* was one of the latest—may be mentioned. In the line of his successful predecessors, were Mr. Cooper and John Philip Kemble—of contemporaries, the elder Vandenhoff claims an honorable position.

C. M.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street.—A great tumult without.*

Enter CASCA and TREBONIUS, R., meeting a throng of Plebeians from L., who stand across the background.

Casca. (c.) Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home!

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a laboring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1st Ple. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Tre. (R.) Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
You, sir; what trade are you?

2d Ple. (R. c.) Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman,
I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Tre. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

2d Ple. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe
conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Casca. (c.) What trade, thou knave? thou naughty
knave, what trade?

2d Ple. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me:
yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Casca. What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou saucy
fellow!

2d Ple. Why, sir, cobble you.

Tre. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2d Ple. Truly, sir, all that I live by is the awl: I
meddle with no trade—man's matters, nor woman's mat-
ters—but with awl. I m, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old

shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

Tre. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2d Ple. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Casca. (L. c.) Wherefore rejoice? what conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
Oh, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made a universal shout,
That Tyber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone:

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

Tre. (c.) Go, go, good countrymen; and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, &c.*]

Casca. See, wher their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the capitol;

This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with Cæsar's trophies.

Tre. (R.) May we do so?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Casca. (L.) It is no matter;

These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing,

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;

Who, else, would soar above the view of men,

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt, Casca, L., Trebonius, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—A Public Place.—Music.—The
SOOTHSAYER discovered at an Altar.*

*Enter, L., in Procession, Standards of S. P. Q. R.—
Priests, Senators, DECIUS, METELLUS, CINNA, POPILUS
LENAS, CASSIUS, TREBONIUS, CASCA, CLITUS, SERVIUS
STRATO, PINDARUS, TITINIUS, FLAVIUS, BRUTUS, LUCIUS,
VARRO, Virgins, CALPHURNIA, Matrons.—Great shouts.
Enter Lictors, LEPIDUS, JULIUS CÆSAR, ANTONY, Stan-
dards, a Star, Golden Eagles, Silver Eagles, and
Guards.—Brutus, Cassius, and Trebonius stand, R.*

Cæsar. (c.) Calphurnia—

Ant. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæsar. Calphurnia—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæsar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Ant. (L. c.) Cæsar, my lord.

Cæsar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for, our elders say,
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is performed.

Cæsar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*]

Sooth. (L. u. e.) Cæsar!

Cæsar. Ha! who calls?

Ant. (L. c.) Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.
[*Music stops.*]

Cæsar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, "Cæsar:" Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear

Sooth. Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. What man is that?

Bru. (R.) A soothsayer bids you beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: look upon Cæsar.

[*Lictors, Guards, &c., make way for the Soothsayer.*]

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Sooth. (L.) Beware the Ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him; pass.

[*Music.—Exeunt, R. U. E., all but Brutus and Cassius.*]

Cas. (R.) Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru. (C.) Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires:
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: If I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved;—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one;—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your
passion;
By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius ; for the eye sees not itself,
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome—
Except immortal Cæsar—speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me ?

Cas. (R. C.) Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to
hear :

And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester : if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And, after, scandal them : or if you know
That I profess myself in banquetting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. [A shout.

Bru. What means this shouting ?—I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it ?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?
What is it that you would impart to me ?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honor in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently :
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well ; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said to me, " Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point ?"—Upon the word
Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared ; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
I—as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : 'tis true, this god did shake ;
His coward lips did from their color fly ;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried " Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone. [A shout.
Bru. Another general shout !
I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas (R.) Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,

Like a Colossus; and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name:

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. *[A shout.]*

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,

That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed:

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!

When went there by an age, since the great flood,

But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,

That her wide walks encompassed but one man?

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked

The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome

As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim:

How I have thought of this, and of these times,

I shall recount hereafter; for this present,

I would not—so with love I might entreat you—

Be any further moved. *[Join hands.]* What you have said,

I will consider; what you have to say,

I will with patience hear; and find a time

Both meet to hear and answer such high things.

[Part.—Three shouts.]

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning. (L.)

Cas. (R. c.) As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you

What hath proceeded, worthy note, to-day.

Bru. (L.) I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,

The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

[*Both go, R., and stand.—Music.*]

Enter Standards of S. P. Q. R., R.—Lictors, LEPIDUS, ANTONY, CÆSAR, Standards, a Star, Golden Eagles, Silver Eagles, Guards, Senators, TREBONIUS, CASCA, CINNA, POPILUS, DECIUS, and METELLUS, R. U. E.

Cæsar. (c.) Antonius—

Ant. (c.) Cæsar.

Cæsar. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look:
He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæsar. Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not;
Yet, if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Music.—Exeunt all but Brutus, Casca, and Cassius*

L.—Brutus touches Casca, and stops him at L.—

Casca returns to c.

Casca. (c.) You pulled me by the cloak: Would you
speak with me?

Br. (L. c.) Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-
day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him, and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus; and then the people fell a shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: What was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that, too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other; and at every putting by, mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery: I did not mark it.—I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again. Then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still, as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar: for he swooned and fell down at it: And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

[*Goes, R.*]

Cas. (R. c.) But soft, I pray you! What! Did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. (R.) He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. (L. c.) 'Tis very like: he hath the falling sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I, And honest Casca, we've the falling sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased

them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. [*Goes to Brutus.*] Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut. An' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches; where I stood, cried, "Alas, good soul!" and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less

Bru. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But those that understood him smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it. [*Going, L.*

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. (L.) No; I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay; if I be alive, and your mind hold—and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so:—Farewell both.

[*Exit, L.*

Bru. (L. c.) What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick mettle, when he went to school.

Cas. (c.) So he is now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is—For this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. (c.) I will do so.

Bru. (r. c.) Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.—Fare you well. [*Exit, B.*

Cas. (c.) Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard: But he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me.—I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name: wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter CASSIUS, R., meeting CASCA, L.

Cas. (r.) Who's there?

Casca. (l.) A Roman.

Cas. (c.) Casca, by your voice.

Casca. (c.) Cassius, what night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself, or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, wo the while! our father's minds are dead,
And we are governed with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, oh, grief,
Where hast thou led me! I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman; then, I know,
My answer must be made; But I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:

Be factious for redress of all these griefs ;
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes furthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now, know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprise
Of honorable dangerous consequence :
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch : [*Thunder and Lightning.*
For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir, or walking in the streets ;
And the complexion of the element
Is favored, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible. [*Going, R.*

Casca. Stand close awhile ; for here comes one in
haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait ;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA, L.

Cinna, where haste you so ?

Cinna. (L. c.) To find out you. Who's that ? Metellus
Cimber ?

Cas. No, it is Casca ; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna ?

Cinna. I'm glad on't.— [*Thunder.*

What a fearful night is this !

Cas. Am I not stayed for ? Tell me.

Cinna. Yes,
You are. Oh, Cassius, if you could but win
The noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it : and throw this
In at his window : set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue : all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius and Trebonius there ?

Cinna. All but Metellus Cimber ; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

C. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.

[*Exit Cinna, R.*]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,
See Brutus at his house : three parts of him
Is ours already ; and the man entire,
Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. Oh, he sits high in all the people's hearts :
And that, which would appear offence in us,
His countenance, like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of him.
You have right well conceited. Let us go ;
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him.

[*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—Brutus' Garden.—Thunder and Lightning.*

Enter BRUTUS, R. S. E.

Bru. (c.) What, Lucius ! ho !—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say !—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when ? Awake, I say ! What, Lucius !

Enter LUCIUS, R. S. E.

Luc. Called you, my lord ?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius ;
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit, R. S. E.*]

Bru. [Pausing, c.] It must be by his death : and for
my part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. [*Lightning during the whole of this speech.*] He would be crowned :—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder ;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him ?—That ;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That, at his will, he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins

Remorse from power : And, to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS, R.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
 Searching the window for a flint, I found
 This paper, thus sealed up ; and, I am sure,
 It did not lie there when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again : it is not day.—
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

[Lightning.—Exit Lucius, R.]

The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
 Give so much light, that I may read by them.

[Opens the paper, holds it up, and reads.]

" Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake, and see thyself,
 Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress !

Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake"—

Such instigations have been often dropped
 Where I have took them up.

" Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out :—

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe ? What ?
 — Rome !

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.—

" Speak, strike, redress !" —Am I entreated, then,

To speak and strike ? Oh, Rome ! I make thee promise

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, R.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good.— [Knocking without, L.]

Go to the gate; somebody knocks. [Exit *Lucius*, L.]

Since Cassius first

Did whet me against Cæsar, I've not slept.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The genius and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Enter LUCIUS, L.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir;

They have their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let them enter.— [Exit *Lucius*, L.]

They are the faction. Oh, conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free? Oh, then, by day,

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability,

For, if thou put thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, L., followed by TREBONIUS, DECIVS, CASCA,
CINNA, and METELLUS, with their faces muffled in their
gowns.*

Cas. [Crossing, R.] I think we are too bold upon your
rest;

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you ?

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake all night.—
Know I these men that come along with you ?

Cas. (R.) Yes, every man of them ; and no man here
But honors you : and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.—

This is Trebonius. (c.) [*They all uncover their faces.*]

Bru. (R. c.) He is welcome hither.

Cas. (c.) This, Decius.

Bru. (c.) He is welcome, too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ;
And this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. (L. c.) They're all welcome.
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night ?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ?

[*Brutus and Cassius retire back and talk apart.*]

Dec. (R.) Here lies the east : doth not the day break
here ?

Casca. No.

Tre. Oh, pardon, sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,
That fret the clouds, are messengers of day.

Casca. (R. c.) You shall confess that you are both de-
ceived.

Here, as I point my hand, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing this youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher towards the north,
He first presents his fire ; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

[*Brutus and Cassius come forward.*]

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. (c.) No, not an oath ; if not the faiths of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the times' abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed ;
So, let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women ; then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur but our own cause
 To pick us to redress ?
 Unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits.
 To think that or our cause, or our performance
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood,
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath passed from him. [Goes, L.]

Cas. (E. C.) But what of Cicero ? Shall we sound him ?

I think he will stand very strong with us :

Met. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna. (R.) No, by no means.

Tre. (R.) Oh, let us have him ; for his silver hairs
 Will purchase us a good opinion,
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.

Bru. [Returns, L.] Oh, name him not ; let us not break
 with him ;

For he will never follow anything
 That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged :—I think, it is not meet,

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar : We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver ; and, you know, his means,
 If he improves them, may well stretch so far,
 As to annoy us all ; which to prevent,
 Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. (C.) Our course will seem too bloody, Caius
 Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
 Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
 Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
 We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :

Oh, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:—
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Casca. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.

[*Clock strikes*

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Tre. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Where Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies;
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. (R. C.) Never fear that: If he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says he does; being then most flattered.
Let me work:

For I can give his humor the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

Casca. (L. C.) Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Tre. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Bru. Now, good Trebonius, go along by him;

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. (L.) The morning comes upon us: We'll leave
you, Brutus:—

And, friends, disperse yourselves: But all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:

Let not our looks put out our purposes;

But bear it, as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits, and formal constancy:

And so, good morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt, L., all but Brutus, muffling their faces in their
gowns again.*]

Enter PORTIA, R., as they are taking leave of Brutus.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. (R.) Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you
now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit

Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. (c.) Nor for yours, either. You've ungently,
Brutus,

[*Brutus goes to her.*]

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,

You suddenly arose, and walked about,

Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:

And, when I asked you what the matter was;

You stared upon me with ungentle looks,

And, with an angry wafture of your hand,

Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;

Fearing to strengthen that impatience

Which seemed too much enkindled. Dear my lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. [*Goes, R.*] I am not well in health and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. [*Returns, c.*] Why, so I do:—Good Portia, go to
bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick?

And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,

And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air

To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;

You have some sick offence within your mind,

Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy: and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. [*Raising her.*] Kneel not, gentle Portia

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle, Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

[*Goes, R. C.*]

Bru. (c.) You are my true and honorable wife:
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

[*Embraces her.*]

Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman: but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
I a woman well reputed; Cato's daughter:
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. Oh, ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife!—

[*Knocking without, L.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks—

Enter Lucius, L.

Lucius, who is that knocks?

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Bru. [*Aside.*] Cæius Ligarius, that Trebonius spoke of.—

Portia, go in awhile :

All my engagements I will construe to thee—

And, by-and-bye, thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.—Leave me with haste.—

[*Exit Portia*, R. S. E.]

I come to him. [*Thunder and Lightning.—Exeunt*, L.]

SCENE III.—*Recome.*—An Apartment in Cæsar's Palace.

Enter CÆSAR.

Cæsar. (c.) Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night ;

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,

" Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar !" —Who's within ?

Enter FLAVIUS, R.

Fla. My lord ?

Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of success. [*Exit Flavius*, L.]

Enter CALPHURNIA, R.

Cal. (c.) What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Cæsar. Cæsar shall forth : The things that threatened me,

Ne'er looked but on my back ; when they shall see The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies, Yet now they fright me. There is one within, Recounts most horrid visions seen to-night : Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds, Which drizzled blood upon the capitol ; The noise of battle hurtled in the air, And ghosts did shriek and gibber in the streets Oh, Cæsar ! these things are beyond all use, And I do fear them.

Cæsar. (c.) What can be avoided, Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods ?—

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once:
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear:
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.—

Enter FLAVIUS, R.

What say the augurers?

Fla. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæsar. (R. c.) The gods do this in shame of cowardice
[*Exit Flavius, R.*

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear:
No; Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. (L. c.) Alas, my lord!
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own:
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say, you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

Cæsar. Mark Antony shall say I am not well:
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIVS, R.

Here's Decius; he shall go and tell them so.

Dec. (R. c.) Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæsar. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them, that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false! and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: Tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæsar. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæsar. (c.) The cause is in my will, I will not
come :

That is enough to satisfy the senate ;
But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for evils imminent ;
And on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;
It was a vision fair and fortunate :
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press
To you for tinctures, stains, and cognizance :
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;
And know it now : The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say
“ Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“ Lo, Cæsar is afraid ?”

Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this ;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæsar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
phurnia !—

I am ashamed that I did yield to them—

And look, where other friends are come to fetch me.

[Exit Calphurnia, L.]

Enter CASCA and BRUTUS, R.

Casca. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæsar. Welcome, Publius Casca.—

What, Brutus, are you stirred so early, too?

I thank you for our pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY, L.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up:—

Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæsar. Bid them prepare within;

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Enter CINNA, METELLUS, and TREBONIUS, R.

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius?

I have an hour's talk in store for you:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Tre. Cæsar, I will:—[*Aside.*]*—*And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæsar. (L.) Good friends. go in and taste some wine
with me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

[*Exeunt all but Brutus, L.*

Bru. (C.) That every like is not the same, oh, Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon! [*Exit, L.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Rome.—A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter the SOOTHSAYER, R., reading a Scroll.

Sooth. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind among all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee." If thou read this, oh, Cæsar, thou may'st live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.

[He retires a little, L.]

Enter LUCIUS and PORTIA, R.

Por. (R. c.) I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house. Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone; Why dost thou stay?

Luc. (R. c.) To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have thee there, and here again, Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.— Oh, constancy, be strong upon my side! Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!— Art thou here yet?

Luc. (c.) Madam, what should I do? Run to the capitol, and nothing else?

Por. Yes; bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well; For he went sickly forth: And take good note What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him— Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well: heard a bustling rumor like a fray, And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Por. [*Seeing the Soothsayer.*] Come hither, follow.
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. (c.) Why, know'st thou any harm's intended
towards him?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
chance. [*Exit, L.*]

Por. I must go in.—Ah, me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! [*Lucius stands back.*] Oh, Brutus,
Brutus,

The heaven speed thee in thine enterprise!—

Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit

That Cæsar will not grant.—Oh, I grow faint!—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;

Say, I am merry! come to me again,

And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt, Lucius, L., Portia, R.*]

SCENE II.—*Rome.—The Capitol.—Flourish of Instruments.*
The Senate sitting.

CÆSAR seated, C., ANTONY, LEPIDUS, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, SENATORS,
and others, discovered, R. and L.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER, L.

Sooth. (c.) Hail, Cæsar!

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.—Hail!—Read this
schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Sooth. Oh, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: Read it, great Cæsar.

Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

Sooth. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæsar. What, is the fellow mad?

Dec. Sirrah, give place. [Exit Soothsayer, R.]

Enter POPILIUS LENAS, R.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well. [Advances to Cæsar]

Bru. (L.) What said Popilius Lenas?

Cas. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.

Cas. Casca, be sudden; for we fear prevention.—

Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,

Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lenas speaks not of our purposes:

For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

[Exeunt Trebonius and Antony, L.]

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[Metellus advances towards Cæsar.]

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed; press near, and second him.

Cas. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Cæsar. Are we all ready?—What is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. (R: C.) Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart;—

[Kneeling to Cæsar.]

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies

Might fire the blood of ordinary men;

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,

That will be thawed from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,

Low-crooked court'sies, and base spaniel fawning :
Thy brother by decree is banished ;
If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor, without cause,
Will he be satisfied.

Met. [*Rises.*] Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
For the repealing of my banished brother ?

Bru. [*Kneels, L.*] I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery,
Cæsar ;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal. [*Rises.*

Cæsar. What, Brutus !

Cas. [*Kneels, L. c.*] Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon :
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber. [*Rises*

Cæsar. I could be well moved, if I were as you :
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth shine ;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place :

So, in the world : 'Tis furnished well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive ;
Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion : and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,

That I was constant, Cimber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. [*Kneels, R. c.*] Oh, Cæsar—

Cæsar. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar—

Cæsar. Doth not Decius bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Metellus lays hold on Cæsar's robe—Casca stabs Cæsar
in the neck—Cæsar catches hold of his arm—he is
then stabbed by the other Conspirators, and at last
by Marcus Brutus.*

Cæsar. Et tu Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Cæsar falls, R., near a pedestal inscribed, "C. N. Pompeio Magno."*—*Dies.*]

Bru. Liberty!—Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Cas. Run hence, proclaim it—cry about the streets,
"Liberty, Freedom, and Enfranchisement!"

[*The Senators and Attendants are retiring in great confusion.*]

Bru. People and Senators!—Be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still:—Ambition's debt is paid:
There is no harm intended to your persons,
Nor to no Roman else:—so tell them, Lenas.

Cas. Leave us, Popilius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so:— [*Exeunt Popilius Lenas and Lepidus.*]
And let no man abide this deed
But we, the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS, R.

Cas. Where's Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed:

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we'll know your pleasures:
That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life,
Cuts off as many years of fearing death.

Bru. Grant that, and then death is a benefit.—
On, Romans, on;—

With hands and swords besmeared in Cæsar's blood,
Thus walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cas. How many ages hence
Shall this, our lofty scene, be acted o'er,
In states unborn, and accents yet unknown!

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now at Pompey's basis lies along,
No worthier than the dust!

Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called

The men that gave their country liberty.

Casca. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:

Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter SERVIVS, L.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.

Ser. (L.) Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel:
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down:
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honor him:
Say, I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Through the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. (L.) Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouched.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit, L.]

Bru. I know, that we shall have him well to friend.

Cas. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind,
That fears him much.

Enter ANTONY, SERVIVS, and STRATO.

Bru. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony

Ant. (L.) O, mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?

[Seeing Cæsar's body.]

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit

As Cæsar's death hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. (L. c.) Oh, Antony! beg not your death of us.
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity to the general wrong of Rome
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
 And our hearts

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
 And then we will deliver you the cause,
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you:—
 Next, Caius Cassius, [*Brutus, Cassius, &c., sullenly offer
 their hands.*] do I take your hand;—
 Now, Decius, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
 Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all—alas! what shall I say!
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.—

[*Bending over the body*
 That I did love thee, Cæsar, oh, 'tis true;

If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,—
Most noble—in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bayed, brave heart!
Here didst thou fall: and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy death.

Cas. (L. c.) Mark Antony—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was, indeed,
Swayed from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,
Why, and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. [*Advances from L. to c.*] Or else were this a savage
spectacle:

Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.

Ant. (L.) That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor, that I may
Produce his body to the market-place:
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend
Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—

[*Aside, L. c.*] You know not what you do: Do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

Bru. [*Aside.*] By your pardon.

I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death :
What Antony shall speak I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission ;
And that we are contented, Cæsar shall
Have all true rites, and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more, than do us wrong.

Cas. [*Aside*] I know not what may fall : I like it not.

Bru. [*Goes back to Antony.*] Mark Antony, here, take
your Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar ;
And say, you do't by our permission ;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral : And you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so :

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony, Servius, and Strato, L.*]

Ant. [*Kneels at the feet of Cæsar.*] Oh, pardon me, thou
bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.

Wo to the hand that shed this costly blood !

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy—

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,

To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—

[*Rises.*] A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;

Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,

Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,

And dreadful objects so familiar,

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold

Their infants quartered with the hands of war ;

All pity choked with custom of fell deeds ;

And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,

With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,

Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,

Cry "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war !

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter FLAVIUS, CLITUS, and Attendants, L.

News from Octavius Cæsar, is it not?

Fla. (R.) It is, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Fla. He did receive his letters, and is coming:
He writes, that I should say to you—[*Seeing the body.*]—
Oh, Cæsar!—

Ant. (c.) Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is Octavius coming?

Fla. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post off with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.
Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.—
Come, bring the body on. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

SCENE III.—Rome.—A street.—*Enter CINNA, with the Cap
of Liberty—a throng of plebeians—BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, DECIUS, METELLUS, with their swords
drawn, and another throng of plebeians, R.*

All the Ple. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. (c.) Then follow me, and give me audience,
friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, come to the Forum.

Cas. Those that will follow Cassius, go with me;
And public reason shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

Several Ple. We will hear Brutus speak.

Several Ple. We will hear Cassius.

[*Exeunt Cinna and Brutus, with the greater part of
the Plebeians.—Cassius, and the other Conspirators,
with the rest of them.*]

SCENE IV.—*Rome.—The Forum.—Enter a throng of plebeians, bawling "Silence!"—BRUTUS, and another crowd of plebeians.—BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.*

All the Ple. (R. and L.) Silence! silence!

2 *Ple.* The noble Brutus is ascended:—Silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.—Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor; and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears for his love; joy, for his fortune; honor, for his valor; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All the Ple. (R. and L.) None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

All the Ple. Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

1 *Ple.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house: Give him a statue with his ancestors.

2 *Ple.* Let him be Cæsar.

All the Ple. Brutus! Brutus! Brutus!

Bru. My countrymen—

2 *Ple.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

Bru. Here comes Cæsar's body mouined by Mark Antony.

Enter Guards, bearing CÆSAR'S body on a hearse, ANTONY SERVIVS, STRATO, and CLITVS.

Good countrymen, let me withdraw alone ;
I do entreat no man of you will stir ;
But, for my sake, stay here with Antony,
Do grace to Cæsar's corse ; and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

[Brutus descends from the Rostrum.]

With this I depart—That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. *[Exit a.]*

All the Ple. Live, Brutus ! live ! live !

1 Ple. Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

[Antony ascends the Rostrum.]

2 Ple. What does he say of Brutus ?

1 Ple. He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

2 Ple. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus hero.

1 Ple. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

2 Ple. Nay, that's certain :

We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

Ant. You gentle Romans—

All the Ple. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears

I come to bury Cæsar not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest—

(For Brutus is an honorable man,

So are they all, all honorable men)—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
Oh, judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me. [*Weeps.*

1 *Ple.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings;
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

2 *Ple.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the
crown;

Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Ple.* There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony

3 *Ple.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping

4 *Ple.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

Oh, masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honorable men:

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:

Let but the commons near this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

2 *Ple.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

All the Ple. The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, oh, what would come of it!

1 *Ple.* Read the will; we will hear it; Cæsar's will!

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honorable men,
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

2 *Ple.* They were traitors: Honorable men!

All the Ple. The will! the testament!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then, make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

2 *Ple.* Descend: you shall have leave.

All the Ple. Come down, come down!

[Antony quits the Rostrum.]

1 *Ple.* Room for Mark Antony;—most noble Antony!

All the Ple. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now;
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look, in this place, ran Cassius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed;

And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no!
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, oh, you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the worst, unkindest cut of all:
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.—
Oh, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops,
Kind souls! What, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Ple.* Oh, piteous spectacle!

2 *Ple.* Oh, noble Cæsar!

3 *Ple.* Oh, woeful day!

4 *Ple.* Oh, traitors, villains!

2 *Ple.* We will be revenged! revenge; about—seek
—burn—fire—kill—slay!—let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Ple.* Peace there!—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Ple.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with
him!

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: They are wise and honorable:
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend: and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him;

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb
mouths,

And bid them speak for me; But, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All the Ple. We'll mutiny!

2 *Ple.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

1 *Ple.* Away, then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

All the Ple. Peace, ho!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what;
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
You have forgot the will I told you of.

2 *Ple.* Most true;—the will;—let's stay and hear the
will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Ple.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge his death.

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All the Ple. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tyber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar; When comes such another?

2 *Ple.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And, with the brands, fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

[*They raise the hearse on which Cæsar's body lies.*]

1 *Ple.* Go, fetch fire.—Pluck down benches—

3 *Ple.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

4 *Ple.* Come, brands, ho! fire-brands.

1 *Ple.* To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all!

2 *Ple.* Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's.

3 *Ple.* Some to Trebonius'.

All the Ple. Away; go.

[*Exeunt the plebeians, R., bearing Cæsar's body, with great noise and tumult.*]

Ant. (c.) [*Alone, and in a tone of exultation, looking after the rabble.*] Now let it work:—Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter FLAVIUS, hastily.

Fla. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Fla. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,

And, in this mood, will give us anything.

Fla. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike, they had some notice of the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt, R.*]

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV

SCENE I.—*A Plain near Sardis.—The Camp of Brutus.—
A flourish of trumpets.*

[*BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, and others, without, L.*]

Bru. Stand here.—Give the word, ho! and stand.

Var. Stand!

Luc. Stand!

*Enter L., BRUTUS, VARRO, LUCIUS, an Eagle, LICTORS, &c.
meeting METELLUS and PINDARUS.*

Bru. What now, Metellus? Is Cassius near?

Met. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus*

Bru. (c.) He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but, if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt,
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted.— [Exit *Pindarus*, r.
A word, Metellus:

How he received you, let me be resolved.

Met. With courtesy, and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Metellus,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial.— [A distant sound of trumpets.
Comes his army on?

Met. They mean this night in Sardis to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [Trumpets sound nearer.

Bru. Hark, he is arrived.

[*Cassius, Trebonius, Titinius, Pindarus, without*, r.

Cas. (r. c.) Stand, ho!

Tre. Stand.

Tit. Stand.

Pin. Stand.

Enter CASSIUS TREBONIUS, TITINIUS, PINDARUS, an Eagle,
LICTORS, &c., r.

Cas. (c.) Most noble brother, you have done me wrong

Bru. (c.) Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies!
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs?
And when you do them,—

Bru. Cassius, be content:
Speak your griefs softly—I do know you well:—
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;
Then, in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,
And I will give you audience.

Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.

[*Exeunt Pindarus, Eagle, Lictors, &c.*
Bru. Metellus, do the like:—

[*Exeunt Metellus, Eagle, Lictors, &c.*
And let no man
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.
[*Flourish of trumpets.—Exeunt, l.*

SCENE II.—*The tent of Brutus.—A table, papers, chairs, cushions, &c.*

Enter CASSIUS and BRUTUS, l. u. e.

Cas. (R. c.) That you have wronged me doth appear in
this:

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. (c.) You wronged yourself to write in such a case

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm!—
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. Remember March—the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake :
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice ? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me ;
'll not endure it : I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you're not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more : I shall forget myself :
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.—

Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares ?

Cas. Ye gods ! ye gods ! Must I endure all this ?

Bru. [*Nearer.*] All this ? ay, more !—Fret till your
proud heart break.—

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble : Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor ?—by the gods
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth—yea, for my laughter—
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say, you are a better soldier :
Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well : for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, Brutus :
I said, an elder soldier not a better :

Did I say better ?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What ? durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life, you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love ;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am armed so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
For I can raise no money by vile means;
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not:—He was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived my
heart:

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practice them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. (R. C.) A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. (L. c.) Come, Antony, and, young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius;
For Cassius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman: all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar: for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
Oh, Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark.
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. [Both embrace, c.] And my heart too.

Cas. Oh, Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.—
Metellus and Titinius!

Enter TITINIUS and METELLUS.

Bid the commanders

Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Trebonius with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Titinius and Metellus.*
Bru. Lucius!—

Enter LUCIUS, R. U. E.

A bowl of wine. [*Exit Lucius, R. U. E.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. Oh, Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. (c.) No man bears sorrow better;—Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing, when I crossed you so?
Oh, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence—
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong; for with her death
That tidings came: with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.
Cas. Oh, ye immortal gods

Enter LUCIUS, with a taper, and VARRO, with a jar of wine and a goblet.—LUCIUS places the taper on the table, and takes the jar from VARRO.

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:
[*Takes the goblet.*
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*
Cas. My heart is thirsty for 'hat noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*Drinks.*
[*Exeunt Varro and Lucius.*

Enter TITINIUS, TREBONIUS, and METELLUS, R.

Bru. Come in, Titinius;—Welcome, good Trebonius.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
[*Trebonius, Titinius, and Metellus sit.*

Cas. (R. c.) [*Aside.*] Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

[*Brutus and Cassius retire to the table and sit.*]

Trebonius, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition towards Phillippi.

Tre. Myself have letters of the self-same tenor.

Bru. With what addition?

Tre. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death a hundred senators

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions—Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Tre. Ay, Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—

Brutus, had you your letters from your wife?

Bru. No, Trebonius.

Tre. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Bru. Nothing, Trebonius.

Tre. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Tre. No, Brutus.

Bru. [*Rises.*] Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Tre. [*Rises.*] Then, like a Roman, hear the truth I tell;
For certain, she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia!—

[*They all rise and advance.*]

We must die, Trebonius:—

With meditating that she must die once,
I have the patience to endure it now.

Cas. (R. c.) Even so great men great losses should
endure.—

I have as much of this in art as you;

But yet my nature could not bear it so.

Bru. (c.) Well, to our work alive.—What do you think
Of marching to Phillippi presently?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

'Tis better that the enemy seek us ;
 So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
 Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to better.
 The people 'twixt Phillippi and this ground,
 Do stand but in a forced affection ;
 For they have grudged us contribution ;
 The enemy marching along by them,
 By them shall make a fuller number up,
 Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged :
 From which advantage shall we cut him off,
 If at Phillippi we do face him there,
 These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon :—You must note beside,
 That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
 Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe :
 The enemy increaseth every day ;
 We, at the height, are ready to decline.
 There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune :
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
 And we must take the current when it serves,
 Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on ;
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Phillippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity.—

There is no more to say ?

Cas. [R. going L.] No more.—Good night :
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. [L. going R.] Lucius, my gown.—Farewell, good
 Trebonius :

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

Cas. [Meet at c.] Oh, my dear brother ;
 This was an ill beginning of the night :
 Never come such division 'tween our souls !
 Let it not, Brutus

Bru. Every thing is well.—
Good night, good brother:—Farewell, every one.—

[Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, Trebonius, and Metellus]

Enter Lucius with a gown and book.

Give me my book. *[Lucius gives the book.]*

Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent. *[Goes for his lute.]*

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatched.

Call Varro, and some other of my friends;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Metellus! Varro!

Enter METELLUS and VARRO, L. U. E.

Bru. (a.) I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;
It may be, I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Met. So please you, we will stand, and watch your
pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so, lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—

[Metellus and Varro retire, and lie down, L. U. E.]

Can'st thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an' it please you.

Bru. It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much; but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

If I do live I will be good to thee.—

[Lucius begins to play, but soon falls asleep.]

This is a mournful tune.—Oh, murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,

That plays the music?—Gentle knave, good night:

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;

I'll take it from thee:

[Takes away the instrument, and lays it on the table.]

So—good boy, good night!—

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turned down.

Where I left reading ? [*Sits, c.*] Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR, L.

How ill this taper burns !—Ha ! who comes here ?

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.—

It comes upon me :—Art thou anything ?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare ?

Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou ?

Ghost. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Phillippi.

Bru. Well ;

Then I shall see thee again ?

Ghost. Ay—at Phillippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Bru. Why, I will see thee at Phillippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest :

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Lucius !—Metellus !—Varro !—Sirs, awake !

Met. My lord !—

Luc. My lord !—

Var. My lord !—

[*Together—advancing.*]

Bru. (c.) Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep ?

Met. (c.) Did we, my lord ?

Bru. Ay : Saw you anything ?

Met. No, my lord ; I saw nothing.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius :

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow. [*Exeunt, L. U. & R.*]

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The plains of Phillippi.—A flourish of trumpets*

*Enter R., ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, FLAVIUS, CLITUS, STRATO
Standards, S. P. Q. R., golden Eagles, Lictors, and
Guards.*

Oct. (R.) Now, Antony, our hopes are answered :
You said, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions ;
It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
They mean to warn us at Phillippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. (c.) Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it : they could be content
To visit other places ; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;
But 'tis not so.

Enter SERVIUS, L.

Ser. Prepare you, generals :
The enemy comes on in gallant show ;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[A flourish of trumpets.

*Enter, L., CASSIUS, BRUTUS, TREBONIUS, METELLUS
TITINIUS, PINDARUS, Ensign of battle, Standards, S
P. Q. R., silver Eagles, Lictors, and Guards.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.—

Words before blows : Is it so, countrymen ?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

Ant. (R. C.) In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words :

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,

Crying, " Long live ! hail, Cæsar ! "

Cas. (L. C.) Antony,

The posture of your blows is yet unknown ;

But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,

And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless, too.

Bru. Oh, yes, and soundless, too ;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,

And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers

Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar :

You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;

Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur behind,

Struck Cæsar on the neck. Oh, you flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers ! Now, Brutus, thank yourself :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. (R.) Come, come, the cause ; If arguing makes us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look—

I draw a sword against conspirators :

When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope ;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. Oh, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,

Young man, thou could'st not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honor,

Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away.--

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth :

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Flourish of trumpets.—Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their attendants.*

Cas. Why now, blow, wind ! swell, billow ; and swim
bark !

The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.—

Most noble Brutus,

The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,

Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !

But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,

Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together :

What are you then determined to do ?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy,

By which I did blame Cato for the death

Which he did give himself :—I know not how.

But I do find it cowardly and vile,

For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life :—arming myself with patience,

To stay the providence of some high powers

That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,

You are contented to be led in triumph

Through the streets of Rome ?

Bru. No, Cassius, no ; think not, thou noble Roman,

That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;

He bears too great a mind.—But, this same day

Must end that work, the ides of March begun :

And, whether we shall meet again, I know not,

Therefore our everlasting farewell take :—

Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius !

If we do meet again, why, we shall smile ;

If not, why then this parting was well made.

Cas. Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus !

If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed ;

If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, leave on.—Oh, that a man might know

The end of this day's business, ere it come !

But, it sufficeth that the day will end,

And then the end is known.—Come, ho ! away !

[*Flourish of trumpets.—Exeunt, &c.*

SCENE II.—*The plains of Phillippi.—Another part of the field.—Alarums.*

Enter Cassius, R. S. E., with an Eagle in his hand, and
TREBONIUS.

Cas. (c.) Oh look, Trebonius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.

Tre. Oh, Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed. *[Alarums.*

Enter PINDARUS, L.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Trebonius:
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tre. They are, my lord. *[Alarums.*

Cas. Trebonius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again, that I may rest assured,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.

Tre. I will be here again, even with a thought. *[Exit, R.*

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Trebonius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[Exit Pindarus, R.

This day I breathed first; time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [Without.] Oh, my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. [Without.] Trebonius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on:
Now they are almost on him:—Now Trebonius!—
Now some 'light! Oh, he 'lights too: he's ta'en.—

[Shouts and flourish of trumpets.

And hark—

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.—

Oh, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter PINDARUS, R. S. E.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou should'st attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts;

And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now,

Guide thou the sword.—

*[Pindarus takes the sword, and Cassius runs upon it :
he falls, c.]*

Cæsar, thou art revenged,

Even with the sword that killed thee.

[Dies.]

Pin. So am I free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will.—Oh, Cassius!

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[Exit, L.—Alarums.]

*Enter TREBONIUS, with a laurel crown on his head, and
TITINIUS.*

Tit. It is but change, Trebonius; for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,

As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tre. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Tit. Where did you leave him?

Tre. All disconsolate,

With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.

Tit. *[Sees Cassius' body.]* Is not that he that lies upon
the ground?

Tre. He lies not like the living.—Oh, my heart!

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.—

What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

Tit. Seek him, Trebonius; while I go to bring

The noble Brutus to this piercing sight.

[Exit Titinius, R.]

Tre. Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
 Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.

Enter TITINIUS, BRUTUS, METELLUS, LUCIUS, VARRO.—
Standards, S. P. Q. R., silver Eagles, Lictors, and
Guards, R. S. E. and U. E.

Bru. (R.) Where, where, Titinius, doth his body lie?

Tit. Lo, yonder; and Trebonius mourning it:

Bru. [*Bending over Cassius' body.*] Oh, Julius Cæsar
 thou art mighty yet;

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails.—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy follow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—

Stoop, soldiers, stoop, and bear the body hence.—

[*Soldiers prepare to bear the body away.*]

Now let us to the field; for yet, ere night,

We will try fortune in a second fight.

[*Alarums.—Scene changes.*]

SCENE III.—*The plains of Phillippi.—Another part of*
the fields.—Alarums.

Enter FLAVIUS, TITINUS, SERVIUS, *Standards, S. P. Q*
R., silver Eagles, Lictors and Guards.

Fla. (R.) Run, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

Ser. Here comes the general. [*Flourish of trumpets.*]

Enter, R., ANTONY, CLITUS, STRATO, *Standards, S. P. Q*
R., golden Eagles, Lictors and Guards.

Fla. Brutus is ta'en, my lord; Brutus is ta'en.

Ant. (R. C.) Where is he?

Tit. (L. C.) Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found, like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. Keep this man safe.

Give him all kindness: I had rather have

Such men my friends, than enemies.
 This is not Brutus, sirs; but, I assure you,
 A prize well worth a soldier's arm.—Go on,
 And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:
 And bring us word unto Octavius' tent,
 How every thing is chanced.

[*Flourish of trumpets.—Exeunt Servius, Flavius, L.—
 Antony, Titinius, Clitus, Strato, &c., R.*]

SCENE IV.—*The plains of Phillippi.—Another part of the
 field.—A retreat sounded.*

Enter BRUTUS, METELLUS, VARRO, and LUCIUS.

Bru. (c.) Come, poor remains of friends, let's rest us
 here.—

Slaying is the word;

It is a deed in fashion.—Hark thee, Lucius.

[*Whispering to Lucius.*]

Luc. What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Bru. Peace, then; no words.

Luc. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Come hither, good Metellus: [*Metellus advances.*]
 list a word.—

The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
 Two several times by night; at Sardis, once:
 And this last night, here in Phillippi's fields.
 I know, my hour is come.

Met. Brutus! not so.

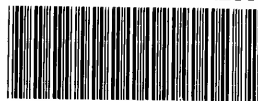
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is.

Thou see'st the world, Metellus, how it goes.
 Our enemies have beat us to the pit;
 It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
 Than tarry till they push us.—Good Metellus
 Thou knowest that we two went to school together;
 Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
 Hold thou my sword hilts, whilst I run on it.

Met. Brutus, that's not an office for a friend. [*Alarums.*]

Luc. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Metellus
 Countrymen,
 My heart doth joy that yet, in al. my life,
 I found no man, but he was true to me.—
 I shall have glory by this losing day,
 More than Octavius and Mark Antony
 By their vile conquest shall attain unto.—



Retire, and let me think awhile.

[*They withdraw to a little distance* L. U. R

Luc. Look, he meditates.

Met. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. This was the justest cause that ever men
Did draw their swords for; and the gods renounce it.
Disdaining life, to live a slave in Rome,
Thus Brutus strikes his last for liberty.

[*He stabs himself.*

Farewell,

Beloved country!—Cæsar, now be still;

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

[*Dies.*

[*A flourish of trumpets.*

*Enter R., OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, TITINIUS, SERVIUS, FLAVIUS,
CLITUS, STRATO, Standards, Star, S. P. Q. R., golden
Eagles, silver Eagles, Lictors, and Guards.*

Oct. What man is that?

Tit. (R.) 'Tis Brutus' man.—Where is thy master,
Lucius?

Luc. Free from the bondage you are in, Titinius;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Tit. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Titinius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he.

Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He, only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixed in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.

Ant. Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier ordered honorably.—
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[*Flourish of martial instruments — Exeunt.*

THE END.



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